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ON DIT.—That M. Charles Fradel, the well-known composer and pianist, has made arrangements to establish a Musical Conservatory, which shall be conducted strictly upon the European system of education, with which he is intimately acquainted. Mr. Fradel has had a vast experience in teaching, and there is no man more competent to successfully conduct such an establishment. He proposes to associate with himself only the best professional talent in every department of musical education, both with regard to private and professional pupils. The Conservatory will be established in the most fashionable part of the city.

Also, that Mr. Charles Fradel is about to publish a simple and comprehensive treatise on harmony, as a guide for self-instruction, and the use of teachers. Knowing Mr. Fradel's great theoretical knowledge, we have no doubt but that his guide to harmony will prove a valuable addition to our musical literature,

OPENING OF TERRACE GARDEN.—The opening of this fashionable and popular place of amusement last Monday evening, attracted a crowded audience. A large number of last year's habitues of the place were present, attracted by the memories of the many pleasant evenings passed there last season. The scene was gay and brilliant, and the music, under the able direction of Mr. F. Eben, gave unqualified delight to those present. The programme was as varied and interesting as usual. We shall speak more at length of this delightful resort next week.

ON DIT ABOUT THE PARIS GOLD MEDAL.—It is said that one of the great exhibitors of pianos at the Paris Exposition, was told by one of the Jury, a fellow-countryman by the by, that if he wanted a gold medal so very badly, he could get one struck off for 100,000 francs. Twenty thousand dollars in gold is a stiff price to pay; but it is not very dear when the amount of advertising it can accomplish is considered. Who knows but we may see a twenty thousand dollar gold medal in America yet.

#### MATTERS THEATRICAL.

The production of the new burlesque of "Faust" at the New York Theatre on Monday evening, proved a decided success. The play is well constructed; the dialogue clever, and, at times, really witty; the local scenery well painted; while Jennie, as Mephistopheles, is simply ravishing. The young lady's performance of this part is the first step towards real improvement she has yet made; the points are well delivered, and the language not rattled off as an impatient school-boy, anxious to join his companions in the play-ground, recites his well-learned lesson, more after the fashion of a magpie than a rational being. Donnelly, as Marguerite, is also very funny, though at times rather coarse. The rest of the cast is only from fair to middling. The Excise Board, Ben Butler, the *Herald*, and the

Police of course come in for their usual share of jokes, some good, some dismally doleful; taken altogether, however, the burlesque is very clever, and will doubtless have a long run.

Lucille Western appeared, for the first time in this city, on Monday evening, in Daly's awkwardly constructed adaptation of Mosenthal's "Deborah." Miss Western belongs to the high-pressure school of acting which passes current as genuine coin among the masses. She is very affected, very manneristic, and intensely unnatural, but, for all that, she succeeds in drawing numerous tears from the eyes of her auditors, and as that is generally considered the test of a tragic actress, she must, as a matter of course, be one. It is only necessary to say of her "Leah" that it is a little less stilted than her Lady Isabel and considerably worse than her Ogarita, in the "Sea of Ice." That is a somewhat ambiguous criticism, but nevertheless true.

Monday evening also saw the advent of Shillalah and Dan Bryant at Wallack's, the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy" being the opening pieces. How my blood runs cold as I write those two names! Never were plays so dinned into the ears of the public as these two. Never has the public been so effectually martyred as by these two types of Irish character. It would be a charity to the world at large were somebody to burn every copy extant of these two inflictions, and thus prevent all future aspirants for Irish histrionic fame from a further persecution of a misguided and deluded people. But if somebody did, somebody else would write new versions and we would be as badly off as ever, as it appears to be an established fact that a stage Irishman cannot be a stage Irishman unless he includes the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy" in his repertoire. Luckily Mr. Bryant promises several novelties.

As to Mr. Bryant himself, his acting is greatly improved since last season; it begins to assume more the air of a veteran and is not marred by the unpleasant amateurish and negro minstrelsy style which has heretofore characterized it. At present he is unquestionably one of the best delineators of Irish character on the stage; quiet, easy and natural, never overstepping the bound of common sense, but always playing as if he felt and appreciated his part.

#### SHUGGE.

HOW BEETHOVEN SAVED A MUSICAL DIRECTOR FROM IMPRISONMENT.—For some reason best known to themselves, the Hanoverians, since the military occupation, called their new countrymen, the Prussians, by the euphonious name of "cuckoo." At a concert at the "Hof Theatre" the "Pastoral" was performed. The Baroness Voight-Rheetz, wife of the Prussian military governor, and suite were present. When the clarionets, in the "Scene by the Brook," uttered those two disloyal tones, d—b-flat, and even reiterated them, the baroness indignantly rose and left, with her train. The next morning our unlucky director was called before the military tribunal and accused of willful disloyalty to the ruling power. Fortunately for him, he could prove by the score that those disagreeable cuckoo-calls had been put in the original sometime before the Hanoverians became Prussians, and he was saved.

#### PARIS.

SIR—When I write to the editor of the *Musical World*, I am at a loss to know to whom my communication is directed. At one time I fancy I am addressing Dishley Peters, Esq.; at another, Mr. Coventry Flsh; or, Paul Moist; or, Butcher Baker; or, Baker Butcher; or, Butcher Baker Butcher; or, Tidbury How; or, Bashl Bazook; or, T. Duff Short; or, S. T. Table; or, Stephen Round; or, Shaver Silver; or, Groker Roores; or, Flamborough Head, (Bart.); or, that facetious three-named gentleman—Hebrew, Christian, and Sir—whose appellatives might be appropriately abbreviated into the title A. Double S. This last-named humorist has attempted to be funny at my expense. In my latest epistle despatched from Paris, which appeared in Saturday's *Musical World*, it seems that the latter part has been lost, or, it may be, feloniously put aside. Instead of sundry paragraphs, narrating items of Parisian news, there appeared two rows of asterisks, supplemented by a supposition, and a hope from the pen of Mr. Abraham Sadoke Silent, otherwise, A. Double S., to the effect that I had gone to sleep while writing the letter, and praying that my slumbers might be long and refreshing. Thanking the learned Abraham for his wish, I must repudiate altogether his supposition; and, denying *in toto* that the asterisks are either substitutes or apologies, protest that I cannot see any wit in his remarks.

One of the items of the lost news that I sent you last week, was an account of the Musical and Literary Soiree of Madame Ernst, wife of the great violinist, which had been especially consecrated to the memory of her husband, and which was crowned with eminent success. In the selection were given two posthumous quartets of Ernst, and his last compositions, which were magnificently executed by MM. Joachim, Colblain, Mas, and Jacquard. Joachim played the famous "Elégie," creating a perfect "furore," and, with Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) one of the "Pensées Fugitives" of Ernst and Stephen Heller, which was received with hardly less enthusiasm. Madame Joachim sang a *lied* by Schubert, and a *chanson* by Ernst; and Madame Ernst recited, with thrilling effect, the "Pauvres Gens," of Victor Hugo, and the "Stanzas to Malibran," by Alfred de Musset. Joachim is just now in immense request at the French capital.

In one of my recent letters I mentioned to you something about a rival of M. Gounod's, who had written an opera on the subject of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Well, this opera, which is entitled "Les Amants de Verone," and the words and music of which have been written and composed by a man of fashion—a marquis, M. le Marquis d' Troy, who passes under the pseudonyme of Richard Yrvil—was recently tried, at least some fragments of it, in the little theatre at the house of M. Duprez, whose children and pupils sang the music. As a matter of course, everything was applauded and the author-composer warmly congratulated.

I perceive that that great pet of the English public, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, has been offending the whole of Austria and Germany. The celebrated Hungarian prima donna first quarreled with M. Salvi, manager of the Viennese Theatre, on the score that he, M. Salvi, wanted to lower her terms. It is well known that M. Salvi is even a greater theatrical economist than he is a

diplomatist. But the disagreement between Mdlle. de Murska and the director of the Viennese opera did not preclude her fulfilling an engagement elsewhere. It appears that the capricious songstress had contracted with the manager of the Hambourg Theatre to give a series of representations. She failed in her agreement, and the result is that she is interdicted by the Committee of the German Dramatic Association—as *Contractbrüchig*, refractory towards the theatre of Hambourg—from appearing at any theatre in Fatherland. The young lady, therefore, must look to England, France, and Italy for her future support.

I am delighted to find that Madame Marietta Piccolomini has recovered from her long and dangerous illness, and is about to give some representations at the Pergola Theatre in Florence. She will make her first appearance as the heroine in Pacini's "Safia." These performances will be given exclusively for the benefit of unemployed workmen.

The *Revue et Guzette Musicale* announces that, by order of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, the Italian Opera of St. Petersburg will reopen on the 1st of September next. His Excellency Count Borch, director of the Imperial Theatre, has been empowered to reorganize the company, orchestral, vocal, and terpsichorean.

I am sorry to say there is nothing new to tell you about the Parisian Operatic Theatres. The "Africaine" and "Don Carlos" hold their own at the Grand Opera; "Romeo et Juliette" gains new friends and new opponents with every representation at the Theatre Lyrique; and the "Etoile du Nord" is promised incontinently at the Opera Comique.

A young Spanish-American pianist, by name Theresa Carreno, whose age is said to be only sixteen—every new female pianist is that age—has, if we believe the French journals, "come out strong," recently, at Erard's rooms. Vigor and energy are said to be her specialties, and power of finger her great desideratum. Her exuberant nature, it is said, is too powerful, and her expression too lofty for the interpretation of the music of the classic masters.

PARIS, May 22nd.

A YOUNG fellow—no matter what his name was—thought he was destined to rival Paganini, and be as rich as a banker. So he went to the conservatory, and worked hard, and carried off the first prize for the violin. He rubbed his hands and said, "Now, one concert will suffice to make Paris and the whole world know what I am capable of; and the day after I give it, all I shall have to do will be to stoop down and pick up banknotes and laurel." He gave the concert. There was nobody present but school-fellows to whom he had given tickets, and but half of the school-fellows who had received free tickets were present. He said to himself, "It seems it is not as easy to be successful as I had thought; so I ought not to be discouraged. I will try again next year." The following season he gave a second concert; there were twelve paying auditors, which were not enough to cover a quarter of his expenses. Then he began to give lessons on the violin at three francs a lesson, and great was the walking he had to do to procure six pupils. He kept on at this rate for three years, and then he said one morning, "My youth is passing away in a profitless manner. I have had enough of art. I write a good hand, and I am master of

arithmetic; so I mean to become a book-keeper. It is the way I, the artist, commit suicide and desert art." As he said all this to himself his housemaid called out to him, "Master, I have three eggs, butter, and parsley, to make an omelette for you, but devil a bit of wood can I find to cook it withal." He exclaimed in reply, and clapped his hand to his brow as he spoke, "No wood? wait, old lady, and I'll give you wood." He went to his violin-case, took out the violin given him as a first prize at the conservatory, carried it to the kitchen and gave it to the cook, saying, "Take this bit of wood and make a good fire with it, for 'tis well seasoned." The servant obeyed, she cooked the omelette, and the musician declared that it was the best breakfast he ever ate in his life. He obtained a place under Government and rose rapidly, and is now wealthy, comfortable, and honored.

More and more the musical treasures of the genius of Schubert, which for years lay undisturbed in an old dusty room of his brother's, appear to light. The man who at first was known and appreciated but as a composer of songs, is, at last, also cherished as the author of some of the finest specimens of chamber-music, and of the most fanciful symphonies for grand orchestra known to the world. Schumann was the first who called attention to the rich source whence he drew the symphony mentioned. Others have followed, and, one by one, the good things have come out, charming us chiefly by the abundance of that which is the lack of most composers of the present time—melody. Who ever had more melody than Schubert? He has written hundreds and hundreds of songs, each of them containing a melody of individual character. Wherever we look, in his songs, in his choruses, in his symphony, trios, quartets, quintets, in his octet—everywhere we meet with melody,—broad, large, original melody. It is not the melody that is often but the reflection of the thoughts of another author; but it is the pure offspring of the workings of a thoroughly musical nature. One hundred and seventy of his works have already been published, and the mine seems not yet exhausted.

#### MUSICAL AND GENERAL GOSSIP.

BERLIN.—Mme. Mayo-Olbrich of the Bremen Theatre and M. Jaeger of the Dusseldorf Theatre have made their debut in the roles of Anna and Max of "Der Frieschutz," and have made a great success. Mme. Mayo-Olbrich has entirely justified the praises that have been lavished on her elsewhere, and will soon appear as Isabella in "Robert le Diable."

M. Weprech, the director of choral music in the *garde-du-corps*, is preparing to take his company to Paris, that he may assist in the musical festivals during the Exposition. He is to be there on the 17th June, leaving Berlin on the 12th, with the singers of the corps of grenadiers of the Emperor Francois, of the 2d regiment of foot guards, consisting of 55 musicians, and will give concerts *en route* in Holland and Belgium.

The two Demoiselles Friesc have created a grand success in their concert at the Academy of Song. One is especially distinguished for her brilliancy on the violin, while the other is equally fine on the piano. The Berlin press declares that it would be hard to find two artists combining so much execution, taste and energy as the

Demoiselles Friesc, and that they are in every way deserving the title of first-class artists.

VIENNA.—"Crispino e la Comare" has just been rendered by the Italian artists with complete success. MM. Zucchini, Everardi and Nulisi gave their morsels of *buffo* song with a humor that was irresistible, and Mdlle. Artot rendered her role with a dash of grace and coquetry that was fine. M. Calzolari also comes in for special commendation for his fine voice.

The tenor Wachtel gave his six hundred and seventy-sixth representation of "The Pastillion of Longrneau" on the 10th of May, showing what can be done with a favorite role in good hands.

The counter de Mertizo gave a grand concert in the palace at Madrid, on the 12th of May. The first act of "Martha," part of the second act, and the last act of "Rigoletto," comprised the programme. The interpreters were Mdlle. Prendérgas, le Baronne de Hortega, MM. Tamborlik, Parera and Hunt, each of whom elicited a storm of bravos for their fine execution. The chorus of ladies was composed of the most lovely of the first families of Madrid, naming among the De Nueros, De Alawinos, De Figueiros, De Biso, De Polo, De Godinez, De Albear, De Ovarajel, De Ochoa and De Navarro. The orchestra was formed from the first executants of the Theatre Royal.

The little house, a few minutes from Brussels, once inhabited by Servais, has been sold by his widow from necessity. The sale took place on the 20th of May. M. Maillard, in *Figaro*, says: "The chateau of the great master Servais is to be sold. The spot where he lived and died. There, where his last songs were sung, his last thoughts breathed, where his moments of joy and sorrow were passed, the birth place of his sons, of Calvaine, is to be no more sacred to the footsteps of those who loved him. Servais is dead and his widow and children are poor. Necessity is implacable, and the roof that sheltered the father and the great master must pass into the hands of the stranger! It is proposed to raise a subscription, buy the house and pension the widow for a few years until her children be grown."

The Theatre Royal of La Monnaie gave its first representation of Lortzing's "Pierre-le-Grand," *a la Saardam*. It was received coldly. The work—so say the Paris press—deserved better reception.

The direction of the Theatre Moscow has leased that house to M. Desmond, a Frenchman, who has entered into an engagement with the baritone Graziani, who will assume the management.

The Scandala Musical Society of Dresden are going to Prague, Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg. Their announcement is something extraordinary from the combination of instrumental with vocal music. The instrumental ranges from the bassoon to the tambour and cymbals, and the vocal from a high soprano to falsetto, from a shrill tenor to a deeply low basso, to say nothing of a comic troupe, that is able to range over the whole scale of written and unwritten music.

PARIS.—A fine soiree was given by the Princess Mathilde in honor of the Queen of the Belgians, on the 21st of May. A classical quartette for stringed instruments was beautifully executed by MM. Sauzey, his father and son, and M. Franchomme, second violin; a duet of Blangini, *per valli, per boschi*, sang with beautiful success by Miles. Carvalho and Gardoni; romance from "La